

First Thing In The Morning!

Story: First Thing In The Morning!

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Summary: Wonder what Isaac does first thing in the morning? Well here it is! Set two years after the end of the game.

***Chapter 1*: First Thing In The Morning!**

Disclaimer: I don't own Golden Sun, or any of its characters. If I did, there'd be another game out already. I also don't own Bounty Paper Towels.

First Thing In The Morning!

The morning sun rose high above the village of Vale, where countless villagers had worked day and night to reproduce the structures that had once been. It had been two years since that whole Alchemy incident; two long years of both struggle and triumph. The eight adepts who were now considered heroes resided quietly in the village, hiding from the glory of their deeds.

As the light from the sun broke through the curtains, it made the Venus Adept in question groan, and then roll over. He sat up in bed and gave a stretch, before getting to his feet and heading out of his room groggily. Isaac headed down the hall, to take care of the first thing in the morning every hero should take care of.

Walking into the bathroom and sitting down on the can, he was alarmed as he felt ice cold water splashing up onto his bum, and a rather painful thud sounded as his bony ass cracked off the bowl.

"Ow..." Said Isaac, as he picked himself up and stood again. It was a good thing he had fallen in the toilet, because he'd forgotten to remove his pants anyway.

"Damn that Garet... Leaving the seat up." He remarked, pulling down his pants and undies, as well as the seat for

good measure.

Squatting down once again, Isaac let out a ripe fart, the echo of his bodily function fluctuating off the porcelain bowl and out through the house. Those who were sleeping were unaffected; save for the tiny giggle that could be heard escaping Garet as the noise caught him in his sleep.

He waited patiently; these things took time after all. In the kitchen he heard a clamber of noise and racket. Mother was up! Oh boy, oh boy! This meant breakfast time soon! Isaac took in a big whiff of air, expecting the fresh scent of frying bacon and pancakes...

...Instead he got the putrid stench of man sweat and fart.

He grimaced, but then relaxed himself. In a strange way, the smell of the noxious gasses made him feel almost at ease. It urged him to answer the call of nature and once again he gathered himself, his face contorting and his jaw clenching.

BOOM!

The muscles of his anal sphincter contracted and out popped a poop. It rocketed from his ass and into the toilet water with a pleasant 'ploob' sound.

A sigh of relieve escaped his lips, and he parted his legs slightly, leaning forward and taking a peak. Oh boy, that was a big log! Big and brown, just as he hoped for! Isaac smiled with pride and glee, some how proud of his creation in a sick way. Another wave of crampiness, hit him, and he closed his legs together again, the smell of the poop making him hear more earthen voices. In response to nature, he clenched his jaw and fired out another big dump, this one breaking in two to fall to either side of his first lunker.

Isaac didn't need to peak at that baby to know it was a brown beauty like the rest. He felt a tingling now though, which told him it was time to top it off with a good old whiz. Standing up he turned to face the bowl, grabbing at his front and holding it firmly in place. He didn't want it to spray around like one of those cartoon hoses where the kids get blown around, so he kept a good grip.

He clenched hard and gave it his all, firing a perfect stream into the porcelain. It was a little yellow, meaning he needed a drink and was feeling dehydrated. Isaac frowned at this; he have to go get Mia to give him one later.

A fresh, brown smudge was a little too thick in his crack, and it slid downwards, falling to the floor and landing with a 'plop' sound. He gasped and turned sharply, pissing hard by accident and shooting the mirror and wall. It didn't matter though... There was poop on the floor!

Letting go of his fire hose, it stayed firm and stood tall. After all, that firm grip had helped with that. Isaac grabbed a towel and began frantically wiping the poop up, cringing as he got a little on his hand. Once the towel was brown, he threw it in the bath tub and reached for the Bounty, ripping off a few sheets. It was stronger when wet, so he gave a little tinkle to soak it, and began mopping up the mess.

After he was done, the floor was practically sparkling. But it stunk. Oh well, he hoped no one would notice. Isaac gave his bum a good, hard wipe with the Bounty, folding it over and giving another one, until he was satisfied that no brown marks were showing up on the whiteness.

He tossed the paper towel in the toilet and gave her a flush, walking over to the sink and scrubbing his hands clean. Looking into the mirror, he flashed himself a smile, making

hand signals like he thought he was hot stuff. The smell of poo wafted over from the can though, and got in his mouth. Now he could taste poo! Eww!

He choked and gagged on the brown flavour, and took off out the door, the smell following down the hall just bit. It smelled like someone had died in there, so they would just have to wait to use the can again.

Coming into the kitchen, he was greeted by the smell of wafting bacon and pancakes. With maple syrup and all the fixings! Isaac sat down at the table, and grabbed his utensils, hearing a pleasant squish noise in his pants. Whoops, hadn't wiped all of that poop up after all! Oh well, the bacon calmed his soul and he ate, proving that a healthy poop is a good way to start the day.

How do ya like them apples? D;